

# The Grey Album

*My subjective sister, Patti*

By Jamie Bsales  
Staff Writer

ONE day a couple of summers ago my little brother was cleaning his aquarium. He had put the fish in Mom's Corning Ware and had poured the decorative gravel all over the counter-top. My older sister Patti, eying a wayward pebble on the floor, exclaimed, "Ooh, a red-hot!" She popped the candy-colored stone into her mouth and bounded from the room quite contented. My brother and I were a bit surprised—usually she preferred Spaghetti-O's from the can or Mary Kitchen Hash for lunch.

She is currently attending the School of Visual Arts in Manhattan, so each morning finds her on the 8:00 a.m. PATH into the city. On the train amid the Wall Street clones, Patti is a sideshow. Their garb consists of neatly tailored suits in dark, unobtrusive colors. Her trappings include a pajama top, baggy houndstooth mens slacks, and an iridescent copper raincoat (the kind the bums wear) from the Salvation Army. Each weekday she pushes her way through the aisles, lugging a knapsack full of books, a paintbox splattered with its contents, a three feet by four feet portfolio case, today's art project (a multi-media mosaic relief composed of a fluorescent green refrigerator door, bicycle parts, a vacuum cleaner, and chickenwire), and her tea. Once out of the suffocating presence of the generic IBM prototypes, Patti is much less conspicuous.

Last spring, while roaming the streets near S.V.A., Patti was overtaken by creative caprice. On this afternoon she

was meandering about, pushing a large swivel leather office chair she had rifled from a building site dumpster, along with other miscellaneous jetsam. On Fifth Avenue she happened upon a Con Ed crew ripping up the blacktop. The spark of imagination ignited; a flash of artistic energy ensued. She bolted over to the jack-hammer operator—a very large, very sweaty man with veins rippling through his soot-smear skin.

"Excuse me," she asked, "can I have a piece of that?" He didn't hear her. She tried again.

"Excuse me," she repeated, moving into his field of vision. The pounding continued.

"Hey you!" she finally screamed, flailing her arms and jumping up and down.

He silenced the jack.

"I'm sorry to bother you. Can I have a piece of that?" she inquired again, motioning toward the rubble.

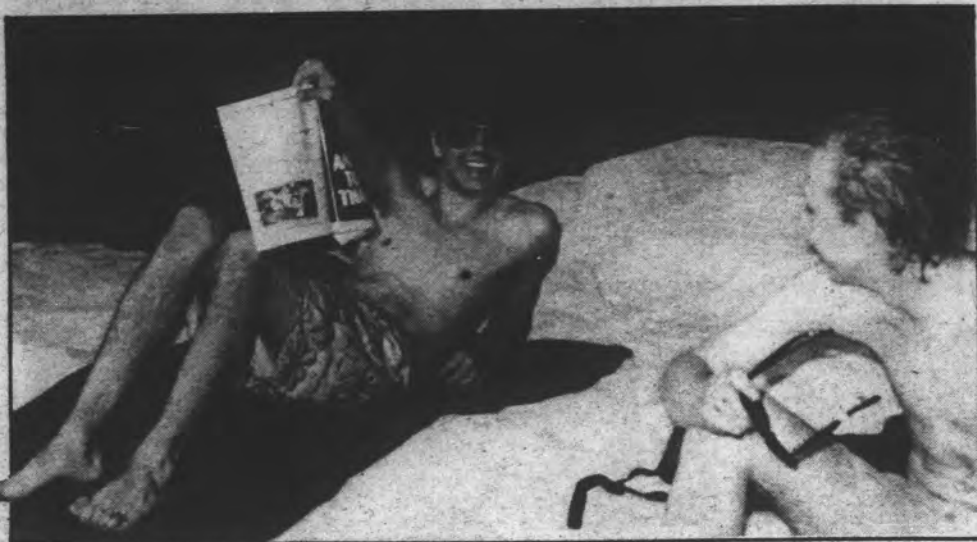
He didn't say a word. He just looked at Patti, looked at the debris-filled chair, looked back at Patti, picked up a chunk of Fifth Avenue, and handed it to her.

"Can I have a bigger piece?"

Last fall some of this salvage found its way into a sculpture project: a 24 inch tall pink plastic baby violated with switches, knobs, printed circuitry, and electrical plugs. In class her professor displayed the work, postulating that its significance was the mechanization of humankind, the destruction of the innocence of youth, the encroachment of technology into every aspect of life, and the manipulation of children. At the close of his discourse, he looked to my sister for affirmation.

"No. It was just a goof on the doll."

Art is subjective. So was her sculpture grade.



Acorn Photo/Jon Spanier

Eric (Lee Gregory) and Marty (Brett Hendricks) try to control their raging hormones in "Gettin' Laid."

## Visions of virility

By Leslee York  
Staff Writer

"GETTIN' LAID, written by Buzz McLaughlin of the Theatre Arts Department and directed by Suzan Aronovitz, a senior, is billed second on this week's Commons Theatre program.

It's single scene features Lee Gregory and Brett Hendricks as Eric and Marty, two adolescent wrestlers with prurient weekend designs on neighboring girls who "really want it."

Hendricks is likeable as Marty, who thinks of nothing but sex and Schraft's raspberry sorbet and jumps around a lot, presumably to sublimate those raging hormones Eric accuses him of. The obsession Eric has with keeping cool while getting hard makes him cranky at times, but Gregory struts his stuff with teenage bluff we've all seen in Jams and Ray-bans. The well-paced pattern

between the actors, which builds to fever pitch at times, indicates astute direction by Aronovitz.

The would-be studs are energetically-played and convincing — if I'm not mistaken, they once asked to borrow my tanning oil at Chadwick Beach — but the ranting about wet dreams, comparative birth control, and the joy of quick (and frequent) manual relief didn't pause long enough for me to know the guys from a less hormonal perspective. But the play is about gettin' laid, that's what makes it funny. If McLaughlin hadn't wisely kept the length to approximately 25 minutes, the joke might have been overplayed, resulting in a sort of quick and dirty "Summer of '42."

If you've been an adolescent male, or you've been pawed by one while waves crash in the background, "Gettin' Laid" will bring back memories. With the sight of beach towels and the sounds of the Beach Boys it will also get you psyched for spring break.

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